

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI:
Earl of Beaconsfield. By William
Flavelle Monypenny and George
Earle Buckle. New York: The Mac-
millan Company.

THE exhibition of arts and crafts, old and new, held in the parlor of the Octagon this week under the auspices of the Art and Archaeology Club.

H E A R D AND S E E N

B y Earl

A woman pushed the button, the car slowed up and stopped and then the woman leisurely arose and walked slowly to the door. She took too much time to suit the conductor, who said sharply:

"Step lively, please."

The woman gave one of those would-

HE-UPLEN: By Richard Wrightman, New York Times Staff Writer
New York Times The Century Company.
"Life can have but one purpose—the instruction and refinement of the one who lives it. This life is no more than the soul's continuing adventure through shifting scenes and seasons, an adventure to which are incidentally added the trifles of pleasure and thrill. To hate such an adventure or to dredge through it, either through indifference or through dislike, is only a foolish misery which makes a mockery of the joy we ought to know." —
The Century Company

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THE EVENING STAR.

RAG CARPET.

(Copyright, 1916, by W. Werner.)

Marjorie Gale gathered up broom, dustpan and dust and stepped back to view the result of her morning's work. The room was spotless. Yet with all her careful endeavor to get the best out of everything, it was distressingly shabby. More than that it was poor and faded. She had dreaded that the dullest glance would perceive the

promised a vacation; and that fall after the work was out of the way she had been allowed to pay a visit to her father's city cousin. That was a wonderful experience for the country girl. Cousin Louise lived in a fashionable way. Her husband drew a large salary, and as they had no children she lived up to it as they went along. She kept a maid, always had cut flowers about and attended the theater and opera. Before Cousin Louise had dared to show Marjorie to her friend she had bought for the girl some pretty, stylish clothing. Then she had patiently satisfied with the glowing young creature to introduce her to her friend. Among them was a young friend of her husband, an architect, ambitious, promising and very kind. "I'll introduce you to him," said Cousin Louise. "I'll introduce you to him in your own home." And so Marjorie had come to her friend Cousin Louise. "I suppose you know what that means," Cousin Louise said

UNIT PHOTOGRAPHY. By Frank Morris Steadman, author of "Home Portraiture," etc. Illustrated. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company.

resident of Detroit, but he is closely connected in an advisory capacity with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and the Museum of Fine Arts in Savannah.

LEILA MECHLIN.

...pelled and he would see her apart from all that beautifying efforts, as she was. Morocovsky said that he was sure of it—she was sure of it—and when he saw that rag carpet— With eyes blinded by tears she went to work in the kitchen.

There was little more to be done, and she went feverishly to work. After dinner her father went to town in the old buggy with the stork carrying the mail, the guest. The room was leaning worse than ever. A dark spot of moisture was beginning to show on the dining room carpet. Marjorie had to pick up the pieces of the old stove with wood and went upstairs to get it. She had laid out the pink and red frock she had worn so often and so happily at Cousin Louise's, but when she thought of the necktie and the white shirt she had made, she felt that it would only make her appear ridiculous. With that thought in her mind she went

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NEWS AND NOTES OF ART AND ARTISTS

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some fascinating old lumber war, and Miss Muhlhofer showed some interesting experiments in luster decoration done today. Clarence Dean loaned interesting examples of pewter, an old Italian chair, tapestry and leather

which compels the architect, in the scanty time allowed him between the preliminary sketches and the signing of the building contract, to complete the entire design down to the smallest

HEARD AND SEEN HERE AND THERE.

By Earl Godwin.

A woman pushed the button, the car slowed up and stopped and then the woman leisurely arose and walked slowly to the door. She took too much time to suit the conductor, who said sharply:

"Step lively, please."

The woman gave one of those wou-

"It won't stay shut if I should," said Abbie.

The conductor attempted to shut it, but he failed.


"Will you lend me your screw-driver so I can fix it when you leave?" asked the conductor in a sort of "mere man" voice.

"Indeed, I am not a carpenter," returned Abbie. "I do not carry tools with me."

"But you must have had one to unscrew them screws," insisted the man.

off, it would take you just as long as any other direction if you circumnavigated the globe in a straight course at an even rate of speed."

The sightseers looked at the star. Then they moved off a bit and looked



the door, no, I don't think so. The man thereupon asked to be let into the secret, but Abbie said he ought to know the combination to his car as well as she did, and refused to talk about it any longer. Meantime the conductor was in a frantic state, as he had never supposed a young woman of fashion could unscrew a well fastened car window without burglars' tools. The passengers thought it a great entertainment.

Eventually Abbie got off the car, flinging over her shoulder a last negative answer to the conductor's pleadings to be let into the secret of the window, and the car sailed on to the car bari.

Just before it reached there a jolly fat person rolled off the car. As he

The nightstears looked at the star.

at it. Then they moved up and stood on it, one at a time, each one, no doubt, experiencing a wonderful thrill. Then they moved on, marveling that the United States government should have captured the earth and the earth impaled it beneath the bronze statue of freedom 350 feet aloft.

"Kriegspiel."

From the Scientific American.

Within the walls of the War College, the city of Washington, are great libraries of military history and textbooks of war; steel cases, jealously guarded, containing the published maps of all the lands of the earth, pamphlet after pamphlet of information regarding the terrain and resources of the different countries, garnered by one whose exacting hand, armed with a high ceilinged room which contains, among other simple furnishings, a huge, soft pine table.

The yellow surface of the table top is seldom seen, for there is usually a map upon it, a map whose limits are to the very edges, pricked here and there by little pins with vari-colored heads. And also, there is usually a group of quiet, intelligent gentlemen, officers of the army, leaning over the map, moving the pins here and there or shifting wooden or leaden blocks from place to place.

It is in this room that the war game reached its climax, at least in the United States; for the officers studying the map so intently are members of the general staff, and they are not playing.

"Kriegspiel" comes to us from Germany. In the time of Frederick the Great the game took on its first sentimentality, and the study of the art of war, an outgrowth of the game of chess, the earliest was game. It was first a crude form of strategy, and although in a crude form, it achieved considerable attention. It was the only instruction in every army of the world.

Friendly adviser—My boy, lazy men's names are not written on the sands of time.

Lauged youth—Oh, I don't know.

Laughed Rip Van Winkle—Puck.

She took too much time to suit the conductor.

he piercing glances at the man with the transfers in his hand, and said in her quiet tenor:

"Isn't this a regular stop for this car."

Whereupon the conductor shot back:

"Yes, ma'am, we stop here, but we don't anchor here."

Ding! Ding!

You might expect any girl with the name of Abigail to be a prim little miss, something on the puritanic order. This particular Abigail is neither prim nor Puritan. By descent she is purest knickerbocker Dutch, and never yet has found a corner from which she could not emerge triumphant.

For instance:

She was on a New York city street car and wanted to get the window open, as the atmosphere was stifling. She tugged at the dusty sash a few seconds and then asked the conductor.

"Sorry, miss, but the company's screwed tight windows fast. I can't open them."

Abbie settled back, apparently willing to accept the company's dictum and suffocate. However, when the conductor came around again there was Abbie sitting with her open window with the breeze pouring in to the great delight of every one on the car.

"That's all, except the conductor. He didn't care for it. He said the company would jack him up for having an open window on the car when it had been screwed up for the reason.

"You'd have to shut that window, miss."

The conductor attempted to shut it, but he failed.

stepped to the street he chuckled at the conductor:

"Smart girl that! Opened that car window with a ten-cent piece. Never saw one used for a screw driver before. Unscrewed it like a machinist."

On the basement floor of the Capitol, directly beneath the dome, is a white marble star which no one can fall to notice in walking through that portion of the building. One day last week a party of nightstears who had external evidences of having arrived recently from a rural community were being guided through the Capitol by an employee of the building. As they reached the star, their guide said in a voice of finality:

"This star marks the exact center of the world. It is just as far around the world in one direction as it is in another, if you start from this point. No matter in which direction you start,

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broken window pane, the patched wall paper, the badly mended chair and the faded strands of the rag carpet. Little Louise the rag carpet that troubled her most.

Since she had been old enough to realize the shortcomings of their best room she had hated that rag carpet. Other rooms had been as shabby and dingy, but somehow they seemed different in dining or bed room. In that large and exuberant household clothes always were worn out at a tremendous rate. When garments could no longer be patched or made over or converted into anything else that was useful they were cut up into carpet rags. It seemed to Marjorie that she had lived all her life in an atmosphere of carpet rags. As soon as she was big enough to know the right end from the wrong end of a needle she had been taught to sew them. Her mother spent whole evenings cutting bits of cloth into ribbons. A bright rag was hailed as a treasure. How many times Marjorie had heard, "I shall be almost glad when this or that wears out. It will strike a good stripe for my new carpet." Once when there had been talk of a new carpet for the parlor Marjorie had said eagerly "Oh let's have Ingrain." Her mother had looked at her in astonishment.

Well, I guess not, with all these rags waiting to be woven up.

It was not that the Gales were so desperately poor. They had a fertile farm close to town, plenty of stock and fairly good buildings. There always was enough to eat and enough to wear of its kind and sometimes money for the holidays. The older children had gone to high school and the younger ones would go when they were ready. But when it came to spending money for mere beauty's sake both of the older Gales closed their family purse resolutely. They themselves had been reared on rag carpet and it was good enough for them. The younger generation of the things, they were plenty good enough to accompany the rag carpet.

It was the texture of the rags of the rag carpets of her home were to blame for everything else that was ugly and shabby. Marjorie had been taught the art of earning money for a real body Brussels, or at least a delicate Ingrain. The older children had been taught to mend that as the eldest daughter she must remain at home and help the household. For her mother's strength was failing of late and her mother's hands were so weak and numb she once would have allowed no hands except her own to touch.

For a long time Marjorie had been

can never do better than to marry Paul Lindick.

It was a happy Marjorie who came home to the old farm. But she was no sooner there than her happiness faded away, coming with a strong sense of fear. She realized, poor child, that it was one thing to be seen in Cousin Louise's rose-colored drawing room quite another to be seen amid the ugly and worn-out surroundings of her own home.

"He imagines, perhaps, that we live



It was a happy Marjorie

"FM COMING TO SEE YOU IN YOUR OWN HOME."

like Cousin Louise," she thought. "I tried to tell him, but I hadn't the courage to tell him just as it was then."

And now he was indeed coming that very afternoon. All things seemed to conspire against Marjorie. Her mother was suffering from an attack of liver; a storm had come on and the roof had sprung a leak. The girl struggled bravely against her own despair. She knew the outcome. A thousand times she told herself that she had no business to let him come. She might thereby have hidden farewell to him forever at Cousin Louise's and thus his illusion.

Now that illusion would be dis-

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